UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The Motives That Work to Keep War in Commission

By CHARLES F. DOLE

In China's Backyard—From Shensi Into Kansu

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

The United States and World Leadership

By PETER GULBRANDSEN

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV. Chapter VIII

By M. K. GANDHI

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UNITY

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Editors:

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1927 NUMBER 10

A HYMN

Amid the clamor and unrest
That fill our daily life;
Amid the fear, suspicion, greed,
That have their end in strife:
May we, O God, with steadfast mind,
Search for the truth until we find.

The winds of passion loudly roar,
They shatter and destroy;
Those teasing breezes bearing lies
Distress us and annoy.
May we not heed these winds of sin,
But listen for the voice within.

That voice has never come to man
In earthquake, wind or fire.
It only comes when violence,
Ill-will and rage retire.
It speaks not of revenge and lust,
It speaks of mercy, love and trust.

O God, may we attune our hearts
Its messages to hear;
Then gird our souls with battle-strength,
Cast out each petty fear:
Thus, fearless and with steadfast mind,
We shall seek truth, and we shall find.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

The publication office informs the editorial office that a faithful subscriber, in sending in three dollars for another year, expresses the wish that UNITY might be "more cheerful." This surprises us, for we had imagined that UNITY was reflecting pretty accurately the existing cheerfulness of the editorial soul. Cheerful? Why, we have been a veritable little sunbeam since Calvin Coolidge announced that he didn't "choose" to run again for the presidency, and would therefore leave Washington in another year. *Cheerful?* Why, we have been a purring Cheshire Cat since the Supreme Court told the truth about the twin-crooks, Fall and Sinclair, and returned their stolen goods to the United States government. CHEERFUL? Bless you, we have done nothing but whoop her up ever since the Chinese scrapped the western treaties, and told English, French, Japanese and other trespassers, including missionaries, just where they could get off. Cheerful? We have been a Cheeryble Brother all these ten years past since the world has been trying to get rid of the Soviets—and the Soviets are still here. *Cheerful?* We simply sit and chortle with glee over the obscurity of Lloyd George, the ignominy of Poincaré, the damn-foolishness of Mussolini. CHEERFUL? We shout and kick and gambol like a little lamb in spring at the purple-faced wrath of our dripping friends, the "wets"—and the 18th Amendment still in the Constitution and going strong. Cheerful? Yes, light went out for us on that black night in August when Sacco and Vanzetti were murdered. But even then there came a dawn of hope as we felt the spiritual earthquake of horror that went shuddering around the globe. Cheerful? Don't be afraid! This world looks so good to us that our one great dread is waking up some day and finding ourselves a Pollyanna. We hate evil and evil-doers, and think it wise to say so. But though

Right's forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow keeping watch above his own.

We wish that W. S. Gilbert were alive these days, to give us a few comic opera librettos. What material he would find ready to his hand! Take Chicago, for example, and "Big Bill" Thompson and "Sport" Herrmann—was there ever anything funnier than these? Or take Mayor Walker, of New York—an amiable, debonnaire, handsome gentleman who, as chief magistrate of the first city of the land, is a joke that makes the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe" look staid and solemn! But why confine ourselves to home talent? Look at Roumania! We have seen scores of comic operas in our day, and many of them had to do with more or less ridiculous royal families, but nothing we ever saw upon the stage was one-half so hilarious as the antics of Queen Marie, Prince Carol, the handsome daughters, and the tittering, tottering government of the little King. Chief among all comic opera figures of our day, however, is Mussolini, of Italy. We can just imagine him in Gilbert's hands—his strut, his swelling chest, his staring eyes, his explosive words, his magniloquent gestures! They tell us that Italians live in fear and trembling under the rule of this Fascist turkey-cock. If so, the fear and trembling must be lest they lose control of their diaphragms and burst out suddenly into uncontrollable laughter over the postures of their Premier. Some day this loss of control is going to come. Then

from the Alps to Sicily, from Venice to Naples, the nation will rock as by an earthquake. In great waves of sound, the laughter will roll and re-roll from city to city, from town to town. In this hurricane of merriment will Italians discover that they have been looking at a screaming farce all these days, and acclaim Mussolini for what he really is—an incomparable Poo-Bah, Ko-ko, and Mikado all mixed into one strange combination. O, Gilbert, come back! Reveal to us our follies! Teach us to laugh at the clowns who romp and reel upon the world's great stage!

The buffoonery in high governmental places in Chicago appears to be getting rather belatedly the recognition which it deserves. At home Mayor Thompson has so far been able to "get away with his stuff" by making his opponents mad. They could not laugh at his antics because the direful results struck too close home. The community's entire educational system is in jeopardy. Organized gangs of criminals rule without restraint wide sections of the metropolis. Self-respecting citizens of the immediate community can scarcely laugh over that sort of thing. They must rage within even if they do not dare to allow their wrath to flame forth in deeds of political resentment. But outsiders can laugh, and the Mayor is latterly giving them a chance. He has gone afield for support of the new national fund which his ill-advised admirers have provoked him to solicit in his effort "to keep King George's snoot" out of American affairs. Some of the mayors of other cities addressed in this propaganda have answered him in a manner to puncture the bubble of his bombast. A prominent Jewish Rabbi, in a relatively insignificant city, writes to his civic authorities protesting against an invitation which is alleged to have been offered to the Chicago Mayor to visit the town and make a speech. He feels that their community will be disgraced by one whose buffoonery and coarseness make him the laughing stock of the country. Even Mayor Thompson's conceit must eventually yield to the consciousness that the whole country is roaring at him and his misrepresented bailiwick. In the meantime, cunning as well as self-respecting citizens at home are beginning to play upon his vanity. They are outbidding the gangsters in their deference and adulation. While they know the public resources are being squandered in political corruption, they are salvaging some of the swag for public developments. They are encouraging the vain political go-getter to plaster his name upon vast public works, incidentally getting the public works on which the name may be plastered. They are looking so solemn that they can fool even a monkey into doing serious things.

The Boston *Herald* sent a special correspondent to Russia, this past summer, to "spy out the land." The first story of this reporter had to do with the hordes of homeless children who are preying on the country. This was characteristic. Any stick to beat the dog! A few years ago it was the "red terror"; then it was the nationalization of women; then it was the famine; then it was religious persecution. Just now, everything else failing, every other canard having been exposed, it is these mobs of ragged, dirty, depraved children who rove, like wolves, over the countryside and through the cities. It is fortunate that, at just this time, the real facts about these wild children in Russia should be laid before the American people through an article in the New York *Times,* written by its accomplished correspondent, Mr. Walter Duranty. The children are there, of course. But, says Mr. Duranty, "it is not the Communists' fault, this human flotsam of war and famine." Two million boys and girls were left orphaned and homeless *not* by the revolution, but by the war which sapped Russia of her men, money and supplies, and prepared for the inevitable consequence of pestilence and famine. When the Bolsheviks, in other words, took over the prostrate and distracted country, these children were already on their hands. Their numbers were added to, of course, by the misery and social disorder which were not conquered for several years. "By praiseworthy efforts," however, says Mr. Duranty, "the Soviet Government has reduced this figure (of 2,000,000 waifs) to the present estimate of a little over 100,000 in all Russia." Children's homes have been erected by the hundreds, and sustained at great expense. Little by little these homeless youngsters have been gathered in, and slowly disciplined once again to ordered life. "But the residue," says Mr. Duranty, "won't stay put. It prefers the free, roving life of the wolf pack to orderly existence in children's homes." The real situation is thus made plain. Faced by the gigantic task of taking care of 2,000,000 children who had neither homes nor parents, the Bolsheviki have achieved miracles. Their only reward is vilification for an evil, for the existence of which they are no more responsible than America was responsible for the "flu" in 1917-18.

In a recent interview in the Chicago *Daily News,* Mr. S. O. Levinson made clear once again, for all to understand who are willing to understand, the distinction between the League of Nations way of getting rid of war, and the Outlawry way of securing this same great end.

> The European philosophy which entered into the organization of the League, (said Mr. Levinson,) was dependence upon armed force, that is, upon war itself, to maintain justice and prevent war. That has been tried for 2,000 years, with the result that this institution upon which nations have professed to depend for peace and justice threatens to destroy civilization itself.

With this device, or method, the Outlawry advocate can have nothing to do. For war, to him, is still war even though its object is the maintenance of peace. A "war to end war" has become permanently ridiculous

ever since 1914! Outlawry would get rid of war altogether by de-institutionalizing it—by making it a crime under the law of nations. But what is the sanction of such law? How can an agreement between governments to outlaw war be enforced? It is here that Mr. Levinson's program differs so diametrically from that of the League. For Mr. Levinson is not guilty of the supreme folly of resorting to war to end war. He would rely upon the plighted word of the nations as backed by the potent sanction of public opinion. What other ultimate reliance can we have, or have we ever had? Said Mr. Levinson in the interview above referred to:

> We accept the plighted word of nations in all our treaties. How is it possible for Cuba to enforce a treaty between itself and the United States? Yet the treaty is accepted. Nations take each other's word in military alliances, why not for peace. We ask simply that nations disavow war. Arbitration, justice, peace cannot live in the same house with war. The time is ripening for disavowal of war between nations.

We know of no more important statement than this in all our discussion of the peace problem. We accept the word of any nation for purposes of war—why not, also, for peace? This question allows of no answer, for unless we can receive and accept such word, we have no means of accomplishing our desired end. The peoples of the world have got to want peace enough *not* to fight for it, but to *refrain* from fighting for it, or for anything else. Unless this mind is in the race, no sanction will hold. But with this mind, no sanction is needed save the will of men. The natural expression of this mind, this will to peace, is Outlawry. Not the least important virtue of this program is its testing of the question as to whether men really want peace, or are only pretending to want it.

Few incidents since the Scopes trial have so effectually aroused the religious world as has the stand of the Bishop of Birmingham in England. He is winning a surprising support, and has experienced amusing, if not surprising, opposition and criticism. After having given utterance to sentiments deploring the loss of educated leadership in the Anglican Church, and maintaining that an unqualified acceptance of the demonstrations of sound modern science is essential to the church's appeal to thinking Englishmen of today, he accepted an invitation to appeal in the pulpit of St. Paul's in London. As he rose to preach, a formal protest was launched by a priest of the Anglican communion, supported by a group surrounding him. This was sufficiently astonishing for St. Paul's. But, as the protest droned on, and there seemed no other way to stop it, the organist opened competition, and seems to have won. The Bishop kept his composure. He proceeded with his sermon without incident on his part. Later, in some heat, he addressed an open letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of the Anglican Church, calling upon him to rebuke such reaction as was exemplified by the attacking priest. The Primate's reply shows how deliciously ecclesiasticism in high Anglican circles runs true to form. The Bishop of Birmingham dared to point out the effect of modern science upon sacramentalism, and was taken promptly to task, as though *this* were the issue involved! This sacred box of magic must not be violated in any event. Modern science? Oh, yes, the venerable ecclesiastic of Canterbury has been familiar with the biological demonstrations and implications of Darwinism ever since Darwinism has been. And he sees nothing to alarm the faithful in it. But neither biology nor anything else must violate the "mysteries" of the host! The Bishop of Birmingham has declared with the applause of two continents that as for himself he does not propose to be driven "either to Rome or to Tennessee." Heretofore the issue has been biology and the Virgin Birth. Now it is sacramentalism. The affair grows merrier and merrier.

The Motives That Work to Keep War in Commission

Friends of peace in the world—universal peace, actually expelling armies and navies everywhere—seem hardly to realize the subtlety and complexity and the ever shifting action of the motives at work, not only in other people, but in themselves too, to keep the war system in use and even in esteem as a more or less necessary agency of modern civilization.

It may be said that the issue is a very simple one. On the one side is a system of brute violence, mainly appealing to the crude animalism in us, lavishly wasteful, demoralizing, and destructive of all man's most costly and beautiful works. Worst of all, when the peace conquered by war comes, and we look for results commensurate with the calamity, we find nothing but ashes and graves in the hands of victors and victims alike. Over against this wholesale orgy of folly, passion, stupidity and unscrupulousness, pitiless of mothers and children, blasphemous in the face of religion, we have the vision of a friendly, humane commonwealth of peoples, co-operating happily together to re-create the face of the earth and to multiply civilized homes for the children of every race.

We must never cease to insist that this issue is as simple as it is big in its proportions; that it is entirely practicable (on its ideal side) as proposing a workable plan of life and an honorable and useful place for every citizen. The issue underlies every form of social activity; it blocks the way of

violence, contempt, compulsion, forcing men's wills, and seeking to construct human governments and society on a shifting foundation of force, and opens a new way for upbuilding all human relations in the solid rule of good will.

Yes! The great issue of our time and indeed of all times becomes simple. If today you could lay it before the common people of every village in the world and invite them to take it up and to incorporate it into the heart of their religion, they would rally to it in millions. Why will we not try this and see what would come of it?

The great issues of right and wrong are simple and plain to the simple mind; they are not so simple to the sophisticated mind. And always so far in the history of mankind the people of "light and leading," the intelligentsia, the university men, the owners and editors of the great newspapers, the people who hold the bulk of the property and the chief influence in Church and State, have never been trained or accustomed to use or keep a simple mind, or even to see the underlying ethical laws of human conduct. Instead of this they have an obstinate eye for secondary and side issues over which people may hopelessly wrangle, for the obscure margins of human conduct, where plain right and wrong pass into the region of casuistry, for the dark corners of conduct where you can pile up formidable and endless excuses and compromises. The possessors of this kind of mind call it practical, but other people, seeing it laboring over its problems and too often ingloriously making "the worse appear the better reason," call it the *sophisticated* mind. The sophisticated mind sees issues, otherwise simple, in their most complex and impracticable form. Can anyone who has voted half a century in the United States, recall when any party or both parties have sought to bring forward a single simple issue for the welfare of the people? No! This is the last thing that the sophisticated groups who have run governmental affairs ever desire to permit. The sad story of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is the tragedy of the sophisticated mind.

Thus it comes to pass that about the venerable war system there exists an elusive camouflage, like the glamor about an ancient ivy-covered castle on the Rhine. It looks romantic as part of a sunset picture. It becomes therefore essential that those of us who really love peace with enlightenment, shall drag out of this alluring camouflage which still constitutes the glory of war, some of the elements that are making our enterprise far more difficult than we ought to expect.

Thus, to begin with, good friends who favor "outlawing" war immediately, make provision to use the threat of war over one another. To threaten is to fear and to distrust; this is to continue the attitude of war. Even now these friends of peace fail to see that peace requires a friendly temper. They have not as yet caught the main idea of their religion, namely, that despite all appearances to the contrary, good will and kindly trust are the only armor that a man or a nation needs. This is no theory; it is the product of the accumulation of actual experiences.

Again, many bright people have heard about "economic determinism." It is said that war falls like an iron fate upon nations who find themselves up against a dire necessity for lands to till, or at least for plenty of the raw materials out of which they can maintain manufactures and commerce. There is enough in this consideration to work up a case, and to produce fear and jealousy against neighbor nations. But we have yet to know of a commercial war which proved to be anything except the most ruinous and wasteful way possible for providing a people with the necessities of life.

President Wilson, hard pushed for any real reason for taking the United States into the World War, is quoted as saying after it was over, that it was "an industrial and commercial war." What a striking instance of the confusion that the excuse-makers cause! A moment of clear reflection would have told him how impossible the war would have been to the American nation if he had frankly told us in the beginning that it was a trade war!

This brings to mind the magic of words, and especially of holy words, in persuading people to fight. Must we hypnotize a people to fight? Be assured then that our priests and ministers will baptize the war at the start in the name of "duty," or of "our hearths and altars," or of "liberty," or of "justice," or (of all most subtle, but seductive forms of embroiling a population in war) of inflicting punishment upon another people and forcing them to "do righteousness." Thus, we know now that England had no need, no business, or duty, to fight in the Great War, as at first all the world was lyingly told, for the sake of "little Belgium" and much less for Serbia. Yet at the time when the war began, the people who were steering the ship of state upon the rocks, badly needed the time-honored idea of a "holy war" in order to incite their kindly population to battle. The modern world cannot tolerate the horror of war, if it is only to assist rich men to grow richer by commerce. Neither, be it said to the credit of the rich men, do they generally ask you to get them their supplies of goods at the point of the bayonet. Most of them know that no decent business prospers by war. You must therefore dress up war in the dignified clothing of a high idealism, and cheat the world, if pos-

sible, while doing reckless evil that good may come! Such was the war "to end war." Alas, that churches could have blessed this kind of evil. Nevertheless, it remains, we fear, a plausible enterprise for the sophisticated churchman.

Few people, moreover, as yet realize the reaction upon the human character that is produced merely by the possession of powerful weapons. Load the average man with guns and he alters his demeanor so as to express his new sense of strength. Load an army with superior instruments, dress them in uniform, give your governmental officials a free hand over a modern armed and drilled citizenship, and you have set up the most effective factory for the wholesale manufacture of national pride, self-conscious superiority, and meddlesomeness. Everyone wishes to see what can be done by the mighty strength of the nation; everyone who has a full chest of tools wants some time to use his new tools.

Here is the soil for a new form of imperialism. Not that any civilized Power would dream of sending expeditions like Nebuchadnezzar's to conquer the world. Not that the greatest nation in the world would plan to do wickedness properly labeled. But we modern militarist nations like to pose as the big brother. "Let us bear the white man's burden" among the weaker races too backward to afford such armaments as we can carry. How fine it is to take over dark peoples and their lands as "Protectorates" and "Mandates"! Our States Department and our two immense fighting departments will thus assist American trade, stationing our warships in foreign harbors over all the earth. What can be so wholesome for the "lesser breeds" as to see our glorious flag, symbol of ideal civilization, flying in the van of the nations? Thus, the noble will of a few men in Washington makes itself felt wherever the wireless of our sacred signal codes prevails. There is no need even to report to the people what our great men are about. Being the elect leaders of the most peaceable of nations, having the good will of eminent bankers and lawyers and university presidents, what can Americans possibly do with their power except the works of beneficence!

Meantime our refined imperialism, like the less nicely masked varieties of olden times, calls for big and ever bigger appropriations. Each President in turn assures the Peace Societies of his cordial sympathy in their opposition to war, and each President signs on the dotted line in favor of big armaments—all for defense, especially just now against "the Bolshevists"! Do our Peace Societies make a dent in this grandiose program?

Students of history have much to say of the folk-ways, where from immemorial time our forefathers of every race have beaten their tracks. We all tend, they say, to walk in the ancient ruts. The habit of war, the fondness for carrying murderous weapons, the deadly craze to take weapons and fight is one of the folk-ways. We can see that this folk-way of war leads from barbarism to barbarism and to eventual destruction. We have just suffered a spasm of this horror with the others in the Great War. Nation after nation now assures us that we ought to act together and set up the perpetual mark of "no passing here" against the fatal old folk-way. Of all the nations the United States has the least reason against and the most overwhelming reason for, helping to grant this prayer. Yet, as a matter of fact, we stand like a balking animal right athwart the overtures of the world.

The truth is that, so far from being a peaceable people, we are probably the least peaceable in the world. We have our pride, we enjoy our conceit, we flatter ourselves upon the strength of our muscles, we cherish fears for our riches, we despise our poorer relatives, we are quick to threaten violence and to punish the children of the poor. We have the face to vaunt "Law and Order," meaning too often "the law of a class," or of a majority, as against another class, or a tiny minority; we are always more strenuous to compel others to do right than to do right ourselves. And so it comes to pass, whatever we say to the contrary, that the American nation as a whole chooses, and loves to possess and maintain its army and navy and its cruel and growing outfit of bombing planes, and does not really care to serve and lead the world in putting its weapons aside forever. It is the most splendid opportunity that ever was given to any people. Where is there a church of any name that dares to preach a holy crusade in the simple name of our common humanity? CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jottings

The way good friends of ours help themselves to our name, UNITY, is getting to be embarrassing. Some years ago, the New Thought folk started a paper which they called *Unity*. Last month, the Bahaists launched a magazine under the title of *World Unity*. Now a labor group has started a radical organ entitled *Unity*. All of which is very flattering to this paper which took its name almost a half-century ago. But such duplications bring serious troubles all the same.

Barbusse, in his new book, "Jesus," has the Nazarene declare "In the new society, of which we are the

seedlings, . . . the church is not a sect, but ourselves." This appears in a title fittingly entitled "Community."

Bernard Shaw and Gilbert K. Chesterton, debating recently in London, agreed on nothing save their condemnation of the distribution of wealth in our capitalistic society. Shaw referred to "the obviously monstrous and anomalous distribution of wealth under the capitalistic system," and Chesterton declared that "distribution of wealth in the modern world is a monstrosity and a blasphemy." When two great men, poles apart in everything else, agree in condemning capitalism, we have a fact worth prayerful pondering.

Why do the newspapers keep on quoting approvingly Gov. Lowden's statement that "no man ever ran away from the presidency"? Have they forgotten Gen. Sherman, who, when asked to be a candidate, replied, "If nominated, I will not run; if elected, I will not serve." This was a putting away of the crown which makes Coolidge's "I do not choose" look like a warm acceptance.

One would think, to hear people talk, that "bootleggers" flourish only in the liquor field. As a matter of fact, however, bad milk is "bootlegged" extensively in every community requiring by law high-grade milk; opium and other dopes are "bootlegged" at every port, immigrants are "bootlegged" over the frontiers; indecent pictures and obscene books are "bootlegged" everywhere. Shall we therefore repeal our prohibition laws against these traffics?

A prominent London theatrical producer has confessed in court that he can neither read nor write. The prevailing standard of plays in New York as well as in London would seem to indicate that other theatrical producers must be similarly gifted. J. H. H.

In China's Backyard

From Shensi Into Kansu

At last I am in a town which I can identify by its English name. It is by means of an old torn envelope that I identify it, found in a ruined mission station where we are now camped. Among the old pamphlets and papers which the missionary had left piled in a corner during his evacuation was an envelope sent from a photographic establishment in Shanghai, and addressed to M. L. Wistrand, Changwu, Shensi, China. Whether Wistrand is man or woman I do not know, nor what the conditions were of his or her leaving. What we have found is only the shell of the mission.

We passed yesterday three high ranges of hills from the poverty stricken town of Yungshow where we had spent the night. Saifoolin, traveling with our first car, spent $200 (Mex.) on road repair, employing several hundred peasants to fill in the ruts and level off the ridges. According to tradition, the first and second of these ranges are so steep that all motor cars must be pushed up the hill by groups of coolies who wait at the bottom. We watched while the big Buick in which Borodin sat was shoved, panting, up the steep grade, with fully fifty men and boys grunting and pushing behind. Those who could not touch the car were pushing at the backs of those who could. How much each of them contributed I do not know, but the sum total of every effort got the car at last to the top of the hill.

Next came the motor lorry on which ride the guard of honor from Marshal Feng; they needed fewer coolies to push them but still took a group of some twenty-five. During the entire process one of the soldiers never got off the car. He never gets off for anything; he lets others do the work for him while he sits negligently on the boxes in the rear of the truck. Presumably he is here to guard us and our property, but that did not prevent Percy Chen's bed being stolen from our auto truck during our noon rest yesterday.

After the motor lorry reached the top of the hill, Percy, who had waited for our engine to cool, and who had told his passengers to get out and walk, started his car, with his chauffeur standing on the running board and warning off all would be pushers. He made the grade without any help, thus puncturing the ancient tradition that no car could make it.

We came at noon into Pinchow and were received at once into the house of the local commander, who had been a pupil of Comrade Korf's in Feng's artillery school. He entertained us with scrambled eggs, chopped meat and watermelon, cutting the last with his broadsword, which had already served to cut off heads in battle. Before entering Pinchow we began to see many fine mules and horses, and handsome saddle blankets of blue and white pattern. Evidently the country was growing richer. Borodin expressed the view that the chain of hills we had just passed (mountains they call them) had been for centuries the dividing wall between two civilizations and that we are now entering the beginning edges of the Mohammedan civilization, which stretches from Kansu west across Asia. These saddle blankets and rugs are reminiscent of the blue and white so characteristic of Chinese goods.

Pinchow itself is said to be 2,000 years old. It is inevitable that from early centuries a fortified city should exist here, guarding the boundary set by these hills. Beyond Pinchow we came to a marvelous Great Buddha, set in a gigantic cave carved in the hillside and approached by a dark tunnel through the hill. Light fell upon the figure and upon his two wives to right and left of him (if indeed the gorgeously blue and green goddesses were his wives), through a second opening in the cliff, farther up, to which pilgrims might climb on the outside and look direct at the face of the Buddha.

As we stood at the foot of the great statues, while the priest struck a mellow sounding gong which resounded through the dim vault, Borodin remarked: "If an Englishman should see this, he would have only

one criticism." I asked him what the criticism would be. "That he couldn't cart it away to the British Museum," he answered, "that storehouse of the loot of the ages." I, who had been brought up on the traditional Anglo-Saxon respect for the British Museum, realized suddenly how it might appear to other nations.

Beyond the Great Buddha, we came to two ranges of hills, the second being steeper than the first. Here also awaited us willing coolies, the whole population from a picturesque village at the foot of the ascent. This time, however, we made the grade without even dislodging our passengers, and were followed by Borodin's Buick, which also succeeded in gaining the top without aid. So far on our journey, it seems that traditions of impassability arise chiefly from the fact that the autos which reach this region are second hand, overloaded and driven by poor chauffeurs. Percy's characterization of the chauffeurs in these parts is that they know only three parts of the car; the throttle which turns up the gas, the shift to second gear and the brake. As for the spark or the oiling or even the uses of low gear, he disdainfully denies their knowledge of such things. Their repair tools, he says, are two: a sledge hammer and a cold chisel! He applies this to both Chinese and Russian chauffeurs and, while exaggerated, it has some elements of truth. Not one of our chauffeurs takes pains to fix up his car in the evening, going over the various parts that have shown bad signs during the day; probably none of them would even know how. They are used merely to running engines till they won't run any more and then changing to another engine. Such is the natural training of a city garage in Hankow.

A further complication in our speed is that many of the Russians are carrying all their worldly possessions back to Moscow with them by this route. There was talk in Sian of limiting personal baggage to 175 pounds! Any mountaineering or camping expedition in America would make the limit about one-third that amount. Such a camping expedition, with good chauffeurs and good cars, could make twice our speed.

By mid-afternoon our first rain set in. Fortunately all our cars had reached the heights; otherwise they would have been unable to make them at all. Even on a reasonably level road we began to skid badly in the peculiarly slippery mud produced by the loess of this region. To have tried to negotiate some of the turns we had passed in the morning would have landed us down a cliff side into the river.

After an hour or so of moderate rain, we found ourselves unable to proceed further, even on the level of the high ground we had reached. Since, however, we had risen at three in the morning and started an hour before dawn, we were able to reach Changwu, our destined camping spot, by the end of the first hour of rain.

Inquiry as to a place of lodging led to our being refused the hospitality of the military barracks, where they said there was not enough room; they sent us instead across the street, where we found the ruined mission. Entering a narrow alley between walls we came first to the church, a small evangelical type of chapel building, whose windows were now mostly broken and whose floor was filthy with occupation by many temporary soldiers. Beyond this, another walled road led to the missionary's residence, filthy with disuse and careless use of passerby, but with a certain amount of furniture still remaining in it. A foreign style of kitchen stove, a base burner in the living room, a bookcase with glass front, many chairs, a desk on which I am writing this letter, a few other desks and tables.

We swept the floor of its litter of papers and straw, set up our beds and proceeded to get dinner. But our Chinese cook, unused to the foreign stove, built his first fire in the oven, which spread smoke throughout the house before we discovered it.

When Borodin tried to find his barometer to predict weather, an amusing tale developed. The barometer had been either lost or stolen in Sian-Fu; it had been sold to a second-hand junk shop, where Chang-Ke discovered it and bought it for a dollar. He kept it hidden in his own baggage till the moment came for the divulging of this tale.

Yesterday we passed over the border into Kansu. Last night we slept in another mission, a Roman Catholic one this time, whose owners are only temporarily away.

The rainy weather which had stopped us in Changwu cleared in the morning and by two o'clock Saifoolin thought it possible to start. Incidentally, I noted that the abandoned mission in which we had been told to camp was seemingly used as hostel by all and sundry. In the back court, opening on another street, were stables, and in the morning there were about ten horses stopping there, evidently from some caravan of travelers, as they hadn't been there the night before.

The weather was glorious—cool and refreshing. Our road lay along the tops of the ridge with wonderful views down into valleys. Very like Colorado or Southern California scenery, except that here there were terrace on terrace of planted gardens of which I recognized chiefly corn. The peculiar formation of the land here leads to much vertical cleavage, with deep ravines which can only be likened to crevasses in a glacier, so abrupt are they. The same vertical cleavage results in the hills being formed by terraces.

Two of our autos have defective brakes, and their drivers seem not to know the uses of low gear in braking an engine. Hence their flight down hills is rather dangerous. Percy tried several times to explain how to do it, but no one heeded. Our auto in rounding a curve beached itself high on a bank and took some digging to get down. For a good driver with a good machine, the road was splendid, the rain and wind having been just enough to beat it into shape, except in passing a town or two where we got stuck in mud. The peaches we found proved the best yet tasted and sold four or five for an American cent. We gorged ourselves. On reaching the bottom of the cliff, we found a delicious spring of fresh water, coming directly from beneath the rock. It was the first time we had seen fresh water in China which we dared drink without boiling. We poured out our thermos, filled at the cost of hours of labor with boiled and filtered water, and filled it with the real stuff. Apparently our auto was the only one which noticed it; later we doled it out as a costly present when we reached camp.

The crowds here begin to be a different type, larger, better fed, and more like the Central Asian in appearance. Also art appears in the dwellings and public buildings; the tops of many of the door posts are handsomely carved. Good pottery appears in shops along the street, and fine saddle blankets on very fine horses. While stopping in the midst of a crowd that completely

engulfed us, Percy tried his stock joke of waiting until every inch of the car was pressed upon by the crowd and then blowing his horn. When he does this he looks steadily at the little dog which is stuck for mascot on top of our radiator, and disguises the movement of his hand, so that the effect is as if the dog had suddenly let out a howl. The crowd always jumps back and then has a good laugh at itself.

We drew into Kingchow Kan about six o'clock and had hoped to go on to Pingliang, but we had been misinformed as to distance and road, and were now told it was further than we expected with a high hill between. The local yamen could only accommodate half our party and sent the rest to the Catholic mission, where we found a much embarrassed Chinese caretaker in charge who did not want very much to let us in. He finally acceded, it being difficult for him to refuse a party sent by the magistrate. We were told the missionaries had not evacuated but only gone temporarily, perhaps on vacation. The mission itself was a little gem of Chinese architecture; its tiny court surrounded by brightly colored lattice work, its well producing rather clear water.

We ordered food from a nearby restaurant and had the best Chinese meal I have yet tasted, a great contrast to our experience in the little towns of Shensi. Lots of rice, well cooked, delicious little balls of pork browned like doughnuts in deep fat, peaches cooked like a vegetable, the usual bamboo shoots and Chinese pumpkin with meat and, to end it all, a wonderful pudding of rice, honey, nuts and other sweets. The day was by far the most delightful thus far in our journey, partly due to weather, but also to good road, good water, good food and good scenery.

In the little cell-like rooms which we occupied—so small that three lucky ones had a single room (I being one of these, though mine had no windows of its own and was really an alcove from another room), there were various holy pictures, Jesus in Gethsemane, Sistine Madonna and others. But I was struck by some pictures in the chapel which seemed to be startlingly naive.

In a representation of the Last Judgment, God was shown as a European gentleman, in fine robes of purple and gold and scarlet, with many angels, also Europeans of countenance, about him. Below was a Chinese family, man, wife and several children, being delivered over to the devil through the judgment of God. It was not clear from the picture whether the judgment embraced the whole family; a merciful artist had shown the devil's talons clutching only at the man of the family, leaving the fate of the women and children to go by implication. At the rear of the chapel were contrast pictures of heaven and hell. In heaven the Deity and all the upper ranks of angels were also Europeans; but at the bottom of the picture were shown hosts of European angels receiving men "from every tribe and nation," among whom two might have passed for well-dressed Chinese of the upper classes, now clad in gorgeous heavenly robes. (The compradores, or employees of European big business, any modern Chinese patriot would call them.) In the contrasting picture of hell, all figures which were human at all were distinctly Chinese in appearance. These pictures were the product of a naive age, of course, but it is hard to believe that any age, sending missionaries to influence another race, could have been as naive as that.

This morning again we had the same wonderful "chow" as last night. The rain had been severe during the night, but again it seemed to clear by noon, and orders now are to leave in a few minutes. I am writing this at the last moment before going.

Twelve days since I last wrote, days of varied travelling farther and farther into Kansu. On August 16 we left Kingchow Kan in dull weather, after two nights of rain. Saifoolin advised against it, but Petrof and others influenced Borodin to start. We then had our first experience of what real mud is in this northwest of China. Just out of town we passed an ancient narrow bridge, more like a causeway than bridge, with only light wooden posts at intervals protecting the sides. Two of our cars skidded through these posts and dropped a rear wheel over the edge, but fortunately did not entirely fall off. The timely aid of peasants restored them to an upright position and we proceeded. Our last car, however, being a truck, so ruined the bridge that return for us become entirely impossible.

We next reached a side hill road, not steep in good weather, but under these conditions the most terrifying thing I ever experienced in an auto. Our Dodge sedan went uphill on a side-skid which kept the front of the car constantly pointed out over the precipice. From the rear seat we expected each second to go over. As soon as possible we got out and walked a mile or so to the end of the hill, finding even walking very difficult as our feet tended to slide from under us. After 3.7 miles of this sort of thing, it was universally agreed that further progress was impossible, and we made camp in the open on a threshing floor, which was comparatively dry, being of hard earth pounded by the generations.

Less than four miles in a whole day! This explains something of the slowness of our progress across China.

The camp was pleasanter than we had a right to expect. Instead of raining again which would have reduced us to a condition of real distress, the sky cleared. We built a small fire of empty gasoline boxes, bought a lamb and made the famous Caucasian "Shashlik." This takes some time and only those actually making it were able to satisfy hunger by it; I personally got one small piece of meat from it about an inch square. Fortunately not all the lamb went for shashlik; the cook made lamb soup, and lamb with potatoes (which was merely a thicker variant of the soup).

As night fell Saifoolin called everyone together and set a watch throughout the hours of darkness, two persons serving on each shift of two hours. Each set of two had also their posts assigned them, in case the firing of a signal shot called to an emergency. Two tents were set up, though the tent poles proved to have been left behind. The night was cold with heavy dew, but bright with a late moon.

At five next morning we were called and left at 6:45. It always takes some time to pack up our automobiles and have breakfast. The roads were still very muddy in spite of the drying of an extra twenty-four hours. We now discovered a peculiarity of the Chinese roads in this section. They are dotted with frequent holes about two feet in diameter and a foot or two deep, dug right in the center of the road. Some claim they are for purposes of drainage, and others allege that since there are two roads here, one for motors and one for horse carts, they are also intended to keep the horse carts off the motor road. Whatever the purpose, they are very disconcerting. Percy Chen's usual at-

tempts to keep out of ruts brought him to grief here, since only in the ruts was a precarious safety. Many of the holes had been washed by the rains until they were wider than the wheel base of our cars. In such cases we had to stop and fill in, or put boards across them.

A peculiarly annoying feature of the holes was that they were almost sure to appear on the ascent and descent to every bridge. These bridges in China, even over tiny gutters of the road only six feet wide, are formed like arches with a steep rise and fall on each side. It was possible to avoid the hole on the way up (unless it was very wide, in which case a fall into it became a real catastrophe in view of the steep grade), but when we reached the top of the rise, with the front of the machine still pointing heavenwards, it was quite impossible to see the road ahead in time to find the other hole until we were upon it or past it. In such cases some one had to get out and point the path, which added much to the delay, as these little arched bridges occurred very often.

The order of march for the day brought our Dodge sedan behind Borodin's Buick. Once, in making a detour through a little town, we lost the Buick and supposed it had gone ahead. Actually it was stuck behind us in a mud hole, from which it took two hours' work to extricate it. We ourselves, a little further on, got stuck in a mud hole, and it took us an hour's work, ending in the help of forty peasants to get ourselves out.

Under these conditions we made 25 miles in eight hours, going about as fast as a good walker could have done. In fact, we noticed a train of laden donkeys which kept up with us all the way, at times passing us when we were stuck in holes, and then overtaken by us when we managed to go. Shortly after three o'clock, however, a dry wind blew in our faces the "glorious dust," as Percy Chen hailed it. The dust which for the first few days of our trip had stuck in our eyes and throats, blinding us so that we could not see the cars ahead, was now "glorious dust," as it presaged drying roads.

The women met in this day's trip seemed to have smaller feet than we had seen anywhere. Three inches was not uncommon and in some cases it seemed as if there was no foot at all, merely a tapering of the leg to a smaller end. The gait was so swaying that it made all the women we had so far seen appear natural by contrast.

Along the road were many trees, planted eighty years ago by a general who made an expedition against the Tartars in one of China's "imperialist ventures" of the past. They are now full grown and add not a little to the shade of the road, and, under present conditions, to its mud. Across from them are many little trees, planted by Feng Yu Hsiang.

Towards dusk we drew into the edge of Pingliang and were met by our advance car, which had secured for us the right to lodge in an exquisite temple built by some general or other. It had a beautiful lotus pond in which the flowers were at the height of their beauty, a love rose color. In the center of the pond was a pavilion, open on all sides, but roofed where eight of us camped; the rest were in a larger pavilion on the shore. Again the night was cold. In spite of my light woolen coat and blanket, I am awakened by cold most of these nights towards three or four in the morning, reminding me that soon we must be acquiring furs for the Gobi. The days, however, are uncomfortably hot in the sun.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

August, 1927.

The United States and World Leadership

The world is unquestionably in need of some form of leadership. At present things seem to drift without any sort of plan. No guiding principle is evident anywhere.

In former times a particular nation was considered the leading nation. Rome, Greece, Italy, Spain and France have in turn been looked up to as "leading nations." The possession of power has continually shifted. One nation after another has lifted the banner of culture and claimed superiority over all other nations. Each one in turn has been forced into the dust. New nations have sprung into the field to take the vacant place, and so the march of history has gone on continually. The march has by no means stopped and today we are witnessing a new shifting of leadership in the world. We are witnessing the slow downfall of the prestige of the British Empire, and the gradual loss of prestige of the white race in the eyes of the colored races. The process is in full swing and nothing can stop it.

Amongst the white nations there are only two capable of assuming the leadership, which is gradually slipping out of the hands of the rulers of the British Empire. These nations are the United States and Russia. The question, which must be decided before very long is this: Shall the idea on which the Republic of the United States rests have world predominance, or shall the ideas on which the Soviet Republic rests have world dominance? There is no alternative here and the beginning of the struggle is already visible. Both nations claim to believe in world brotherhood, in the solidarity of the human race. Both nations are powerful and they have vast material resources. Their populations grow rapidly. The influence emanating from the two countries is growing. The rest of the world is listening to them. They are the countries of the future.

The United States is at present too self-possessed to be aware of the responsibilities resting upon her shoulders as a world power. She is as yet too provincial to realize that she holds the balance of world-politics in her young hands. She has the power to rule, but does she lack the acumen? Russia is at open enmity with England and the two countries are trying to thwart each others purposes in the Orient. The United States and Russia are likewise separated. All of the three nations believe in armaments and preparedness. The United States is the nation, which is best qualified materially to take the lead in armaments. She shows signs that she means to take this lead seriously.

The question today is this: will the United States start a race in armaments, outwitting all other nations, or will she show her potentialities for world-leadership in some other form? Has she the courage and the faith in humanity to start to show a better way than fanatic preparedness or will she through lack of vision

sow the seeds for the destruction of our system of civilization? German preparedness nearly ruined the continent of Europe and now the United States holds the strategic position as a potential leading nation in the world. If she continues to rely on force as her only salvation and the world's only salvation her greatness will inevitably crumble some day. If she ventures to rely on spiritual forces and ideas and points out some higher ideals than the largest fleet and the greatest number of airplanes, then her greatness will increase and she will assume the leadership, which the world so sorely needs. PETER GULBRANDSEN.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART IV—CHAPTER VIII

A Warning

I am afraid I must continue the digression until the next chapter. Along with my experiments in earth treatment, those in dietetics were also being carried on, and it may not be out of place here to make a few observations as regards the latter, though I shall have occasion to refer to them later on.

I may not, now or hereafter, enter into a detailed account of the experiments in dietetics, for I did so in a series of Gujarati articles that appeared years ago in *Indian Opinion,* and which were afterwards published in the form of a book popularly known in English as "A Guide to Health." Among my little books this has been the most widely read alike in the East and the West, a thing that I have not yet been able to understand. It was written for the benefit of the readers of *Indian Opinion.* But I know that the booklet has profoundly influenced the lives of many, both in the East and the West, who have never seen *Indian Opinion.* For they have been corresponding with me on the subject. It has therefore appeared necessary to say something here about the booklet, for, though I see no reason to alter the views set forth in it, yet I have made certain radical changes in my actual practice, of which all readers of the book do not know, and of which, I think, they should be informed.

The booklet was written, like all my other writings, with a spiritual end, which has always inspired every one of my actions, and therefore it is a matter for deep distress to me, that I am unable today to practice some of the theories propounded in the book.

It is my firm conviction that man need take no milk at all, beyond the mother's milk that he takes as a baby. His diet should consist of nothing but sunbaked fruits and nuts. He can secure enough nourishment both for the tissues and the nerves from fruits like grapes and nuts like almonds. Restraint of the sexual and other passions becomes easy for a man who lives on such food. My co-workers and I have seen by experience that there is much truth in the Indian proverb, that as a man eats so shall he become. These views have been set out elaborately in the book.

But, unfortunately, in India I have found myself obliged to deny some of my theories in practice. Whilst I was engaged on the recruiting campaign in Kheda, an error in diet laid me low, and I was at death's door. I tried in vain to rebuild a shattered constitution without milk. I sought the help of the doctors, *vaidyas,* and scientists whom I knew to recommend a substitute for milk. Some suggested *mung* water, some *mowhra* oil, some almond-milk. I wore out my body in experimenting on these, but nothing could help me to leave the sickbed. The *vaidyas* read verses to me from Charaka to show that religious scruples about diet have no place in therapeutics. So they could not be expected to help me to continue to live without milk. And how could those who recommended beef-tea and brandy without hesitation help me to persevere with a milkless diet?

I might not take cow's or buffalo's milk, as I was bound by a vow. The vow of course meant the giving up all milks, but as I had mother cow's and mother buffalo's only in mind when I took the vow, and as I wanted to live, I somehow beguiled myself into emphasizing the letter of the vow and decided to take goat's milk. I was fully conscious, when I started taking mother goat's milk, that the spirit of my vow was destroyed.

But the idea of leading a campaign against the Rowlatt Act had possessed me. And with it grew the desire to live. Consequently one of the greatest experiments in my life came to a stop.

I know it is argued, that the soul has nothing to do with what one eats or drinks, as the soul neither eats nor drinks; that it is not what you put inside from without, but what you express outwardly from within that matters. There is no doubt some force in this. But rather than examine this reasoning, I shall content myself with merely declaring firm conviction, that for the seeker who would live in fear of God, and who would see Him face to face, restraint in diet both as to quantity and quality is as essential as restraint in thought and speech.

In a matter, however, where my theory has failed me, I should not only give the information, but issue a grave warning against adopting it. I would therefore urge those who, on the strength of the theory propounded by me, may have given up milk, not to persist in the experiment, unless they find it beneficial in every way, or unless they are advised by experienced physicians. Up to now my experience here has shown me, that for those with a weak digestion and for those who are confined to bed, there is no light and nourishing diet equal to that of milk.

I should be greatly obliged, if any one with experience in this line, who happens to read this chapter, would tell me, if he has known from experience, and not from reading, of a vegetable substitute for milk, which is equally nourishing and digestible.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

The Study Table

"Humanist Sermons"

In the controversy between the so-called "fundamentalists" and "modernists" in the Protestant churches and the strongly liberal movement in the ranks of Judaism and elsewhere are undeniable signs that the religious world of today is in a ferment, the precise results of which it is difficult to predict. We need not here discuss the various causes of, or factors in, this disturbing upheaval. It is obvious and noteworthy, however, that the churches, by and large, do not wield the influence that they once did. Their authority is increasingly questioned and disputed; many of them, frankly hostile to the unceasing progress of science, dealing in theological subtleties, medieval dogmas and threadbare phrases, offer little that impresses people of discriminating intelligence as vitally interesting or important.

Nevertheless, there are abundant reasons for the belief that the real spirit of religion is not moribund, although it is discovering new avenues of expression. More than ever, men and women are attacking moral, social and economic problems, devoting themselves ardently to what they consider the supreme values of human life, seeking to readjust the intricate patterns of human relationships for the sake of a nobler well-being. But large numbers are groping for new interpretations of religion and yearning to reorient themselves religiously in a changing world.

To such this volume[1] should prove helpful and inspiring. Through the good efforts of Curtis W. Reese, who compiled and ably edited the work, we are here presented with a collection of sermons by leaders in the movement to redefine religion. Among the contributors, who, for the most part, occupy Unitarian pulpits, are such outstanding and well-known figures as Dr. John Haynes Holmes and Prof. A. Eustace Haydon.

These eighteen sermons represent more than a few differences in style and in individual viewpoint, as one would expect. They all agree, however, in their staunch espousal of the religion of humanism—religion that is anthropocentric rather than theocentric, which relies entirely upon man's powers and has unswerving faith in his possibilities, which consists in dedication to the highest human ends, the building of character and personality. To these men, needless to say, religion is not primarily a matter of theological or philosophical doctrines. Nor does it mean adherence to a hard and fast creed. Religion, as they conceive it, is dynamic, developing with man's continually expanding knowledge of himself and of the world in which he lives.

What term can best be employed to designate such a religious outlook is not a question of supreme importance, nevertheless one that is more definitive than "humanism" will be found, let us hope, in the course of time; for this word, having a variety of uses, is apt to be rather misleading in this connection. The humanists of the Renaissance, it will be remembered, were chiefly concerned with the revival of interest in the Greek and Roman classics. Theirs was a literary rather than a religious movement. Again, one associates the word "humanism" with the philosophical viewpoint of Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, which one need not accept in order to be a religious humanist. In his preface Mr. Reese refers to the several meanings of "humanism," but he does not sufficiently clarify this point. In fact, he is somewhat confusing when he says:

> Humanism is not rationalism. Historically the rationalist belongs in the group with the intellectualist, idealist, absolutest, not with the realist, pragmatist, behaviorist, humanist.

It is important to bear in mind that the religious humanist is not necessarily aligned with any particular philosophical group. He may be either an absolutist or a pragmatist, or neither.

The chapter by Dr. Holmes, "Religion: A Survey and a Forecast," with its excellent analysis of changes taking place in the religious world today, fittingly appears at the beginning of the volume. This sermon, Mr. Reese's on "The Faith of Humanism," and Mr. Dietrich's contribution on "Unitarianism and Humanism," discussing the distinction between theism and humanism, perhaps sketch the humanistic attitude most comprehensively. The work is studded with bits which one wishes to quote. Let it suffice here, however, to set down a few words by Mr. E. Burdette Backus, which reveal unmistakably the kind of distinction existing between the religion of the humanist and Protestant modernism:

> Personally, after long consideration of the problem, I have reached the point where I repudiate the name Christian in the interests of a religion which I believe to be greater than Christianity. There are many who insist that this universal religion of which I am speaking is simply a further evolution of Christianity itself, and that, therefore, we ought to retain the name. But there are certain points in the evolutionary process where the thing evolving ceases to be what it was and becomes something different . . . When Christianity becomes so broad as to include the Jew and the Mohammedan without asking him to renounce his religion, it has evolved to a point where it is no longer Christianity but a new religion.

Altogether this is a significant and much needed addition to the religious literature of our time, and it deserves a far wider reading than one fears it will get. Incidentally, it represents the best piece of bookmaking that has come from this publishing house thus far.

ROY FRANKLIN DEWEY.

1. Humanist Sermons. Edited by Curtis W. Reese. Chicago: 1927. The Open Court Publishing Co. 8° pp. xv. 262.

The New Radicalism

> The authors have a distinct impression that some time in the next decade, American consumers are due to reach the saturation point in trying to digest competitive advertising, and will begin, in increasing numbers, to demand more facts and less poetry. But the authors, blinded by their enthusiasm, may be wrong. Mr. H. L. Mencken holds that the average citizen is an eternal boob, desolate without his daily dose of bunkum. But a greater man than Mencken founded his life on the principle that you cannot fool all the people all the time.

This quotation is taken from the 252nd page of "Your Money's Worth,"* by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. The book is fit successor to "The Tragedy of Waste," and will whet the appetite of the conscientious citizen for more, and yet more. If we do not mistake, here lies blazed the trail of the new radicalism. Facts, facts! Facts will save the new day. They are sufficient to set the social structure right side up and straight. They have the dynamite to blow up every sham and pretense.

The authors of this book will not be arrested and thrown into jail, unless the ardent patriots and subservient courts who have found it a crime to quote the

*"Your Money's Worth," by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink, published by Macmillan.

Declaration of Independence in public have not yet lost their venom or discovered a sense of humor. These authors use only the material which is available to all readers, and for the most part quote what is already in print under government or other responsible imprimatur.

But they produce quite the most devastating indictment of current methods and aims of salesmanship and advertising which has been promulgated. No fire-eating, hair-tearing radical has nearly equalled them for effectiveness.

Yet they see a larger hope than revolution and a new start from chaos. This is one of the most practical and constructive works issued since people began again to think after the great insanity. It makes the humblest reader want to get right up and do something about it, and shows him ways in which he can begin right away. It makes enough practical suggestions of ways and means to keep ten thousand radicals hard at work for the next ten years.

Some splendid starts have been made in exposing commercial bunkum, and in making it worth imposters' while to quit,—if only to begin elsewhere. Few laymen understand, for example, what daring achievements are to be credited to the American Medical Association, in the exposure of quackery. "On the strength of its quantitative analysis, it has been sued for libel many times, to an aggregate of many millions. The total damages so far collected from the Association have been precisely one cent." Emulating that record, the journal of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers declares, "The engineers of America have a professional responsibility to rid the economic structure of quackery in commercial goods."

Self-respecting professions are thus being aroused. The authors find the largest hope in the community's own tackling of its own job. The possibilities of service to all the people in the United States Bureau of Standards are thrilling. North Dakota, pre-eminently a commonwealth of commercial consumers (and agricultural producers), has blazed a wide trail, and is repeatedly held up by these authors to emulation. Among local enterprises one of the most significant moves to get at truth beneficial to the consumer is that of the White Plains Community Church.

Manifestly the community must take hold through unbiased agencies. "After all, private enterprise is not in business for its health. The current hymns to 'service' deceive no steady-eyed observer." Corporations conduct exhaustive tests to determine quality in all goods they handle. "But, needless to say, no consumer ever hears of these tests in a form to help his own buying on a real competitive basis." The authors agree with Uncle Abe Martin that what we need is less "service" and more of what we pay for.

It is a straightforward book. It says things right out about Listerine and Royal Baking Powder and Ostermoor Mattresses, and a lot of other things. You should read the book through. It is bound to start something in your own community and in about ten thousand others in America.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Correspondence

A Tribute to Gilbert Reid

Editor of UNITY:

Dr. Gilbert Reid was one of the great souls of our generation and I was happy to see Mr. J. T. Sunderland's tribute to him in the current issue of UNITY. A good deal more should be done in order that the inspiration of his life may not be lost.

To me, Gilbert Reid seemed rather a wistful and lonely figure. His thought and spirit were so far ahead of his fellows that few could accompany him. The last time I saw him it was at the close of a church service in the chapel of the Union Medical College in Peking. He stood wan and bent, awaiting the coming of a relative. Scores of missionaries brushed by and but a handful acknowledged the presence of the character so well known. I have heard missionaries speak of him as though he were some sort of a pariah. The thought came to me that for a gallant old man who for forty years had carried on his lonely struggle for tolerance, truth, good will, they might temporarily have shelved their petty prejudices.

China is no better off with Gilbert Reid gone. He brooded over the woes of that great people like a mother over the sufferings of her child. Of late years he has almost sweat blood over their anguishes. What a Christian the man was in the truest sense of the term. To be sure he consorted with Buddhists, Taoists, Confucianists and gave their leaders an equal share in his meetings. During the Great War he was deported, at the instigation of Americans and British, for pleading with China to turn a deaf ear to the allied propaganda aimed at dragging her into the war. Some Chinese who now see that it was their failure to follow their good friend's advice which gave militarism part of its strangle hold on the nation, wish to God that they had seen the outcome when he did. Few men have persisted for as many years as Gilbert Reid in giving counsel which went unheeded, without surrender. To almost his last breath this old idealist was laboring away for the people he loved. If I can do so I wish to honor him by seeking for myself something of his catholicity, of his fidelity to humanity.

HARRY KINGMAN.

New York City.

The Tremaine Case—An Appeal

Editor of UNITY:

Because I am taking up the cause of Russell Tremaine, and inaugurating a movement to secure the return of the kidnaped boy to his parents before the coming Christmas celebration of childhood and motherhood shall have passed, I am not assuming that I am any more interested in this protest and appeal than you are. I happen to be a little more aware of the facts than are people generally, and to have a little more opportunity to voice my appeal. But I confess that I have a certain sense of guilt for myself that I have not acted sooner and more vigorously in accordance with my knowledge and opportunity. And I would lay upon everyone else now to whom these words may come something of the same sense of the imperativeness and belatedness of this appeal. We who knew the facts have been too slow to insist upon others knowing them. Our excuse has been that the parents themselves refrained from popular appeal, and were reluctant to have others undertake it. Yet the child has rights, and the mother has rights which cannot longer wait, either upon the reluctance of his people to make such appeal, or upon our failure to make effective protest at once.

Here are the facts, briefly reviewed. The boy, Russell Tremaine, then ten years of age, or thereabouts, was required by the school authorities at Bellingham, Washington, to salute the national flag, and to receive the nationalistic, militaristic propaganda with which our public schools are mischievously filled at the present time. To this the boy demurred, and his parents made quiet protest on his behalf, asking that for the sake of conscience, theirs and his, the lad might be excused from this act, which is no necessary part of public education so far as constitutional, congressional, or other statutory requirement is concerned. This protest and request the school authorities arbitrarily rejected and denied. The peace-loving parents then removed the lad from school, that they might supervise his education for themselves. Partisan and sectarian prejudice was stirred up against them, the boy's father was arrested and sentenced to serve eight days in jail for his temerity in having a conscience of his own in this land of the free and home of the brave and the child himself was

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

JOINT SESSIONS

The Chicago Forum Council
The National Federation of Religious Liberals
The World Unity Conferences

CHICAGO, ILL.

November 18-20, 1927

Headquarters
STEVENS HOTEL

Program

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18

1:00 p. m.—Luncheon—The Council of the Federation of Religious Liberals, Private Dining Room No. 3, Hotel Stevens.

6:30 p. m.—Fellowship Dinner, Hotel La Salle, Red Room.

DR. C. W. REESE, Chicago, *presiding*

Toasts

MR. JOHN HERMAN RANDALL, New York
"The Spirit of the World Unity Conferences"

MR. JESSE HOLMES, Swarthmore
"The Ideals of the Religious Liberals"

MR. FRED MOORE, Chicago
"The Forum as an Agency for Social Unity"

Addresses

MR. HORACE J. BRIDGES, Chicago
"International Ethics"

DR. A. W. WISHART, Grand Rapids
"Making Effective Religious Ideals"

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19

10:30 a. m.—Addresses and Discussion—South Ball Room, Hotel Stevens.

MR. JESSE HOLMES, *presiding*

A Brief Business Session of the Federation of Religious Liberals.

Addresses

DR. GEORGE W. ALLISON, Chicago
"The Future of Religion"

REV. ALBERT W. PALMER, Oak Park
"America and the Orient"

REV. FRED V. HAWLEY, Chicago
"The Price of Human Oneness"

Discussion

1:30 p. m.—Conference Luncheon

DR. G. GEORGE FOX, Chicago, *presiding*

Addresses

REV. CHARLES PARKER CONNOLLY, Rockford
"Religious Unity"

MRS. ANNA GARLAND SPENCER, New York
"Education and World Progress"

8:00 p. m.—Evening Session

PROF. CARL S. PATTON, Chicago, *presiding*

Addresses

MRS. ROBERT L. MOFFETT, Chicago
"The Spirit of Lausanne"

REV. FRANK S. C. WICKS, Indianapolis
"The Spirit of Prague"

Discussion

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20

3:15 P. M.

Wood's Theatre, Randolph and Dearborn Streets

Auspices of The Chicago Forum Council
MR. FRED MOORE, *presiding*

Admission, 50 Cents

"Race Relations Around the World"

Addresses

MR. STANLEY HIGH, New York
"A Mighty Race Looking Up"

MR. JAMES WELDON JOHNSON, New York
"The White Man's Responsibility"

MR. P. W. KUO
"China Among the Nations"

8:00 P. M.

Closing Session of the Conference, North Ball Room, Hotel Stevens

PROF. FRED MERRIFIELD, Chicago, *presiding*

Addresses

DR. ROBERT C. DEXTER, Boston
"A Constructive Social Program"

REV. B. G. CARPENTER, Peoria
"A United Liberal Spirit"

MR. JOHN HERMAN RANDALL, New York
"World Peace Through World Unity"

Adjournment

PROHIBITION

Message to America by the Atlantic City Conference (October 5-6)

"The nation is approaching its great period of political discussion and decision. The crisis in constitutional government demands a national offensive. Organization must be made adequate for the occasion. We call for a realignment of our forces and for a united command.

Continued on next page

taken away from his parents, officially kidnaped in the interests of this mad patro-mania, and has been bandied about from one public detention home to another until it was feared by those who had immediate charge of the little fellow, and who were greatly in love with him by reason of his brightness of mind and his lovable character, that he would be nervously wrecked or his mind unbalanced by his grieving for home.

The parents, who have removed to Seattle, found that the little boy was in a home in Spokane, and the father journeyed there to see him, only to be told that five days before little Russell had been given away to a family in the neighborhood of Spokane, or within sixty miles or so of that city, to be adopted legally and permanently by them without regard to the rights of his father and mother, unless the parents in the interim of six months' probation allowed by the law surrendered their conscience to the authorities and consented to take orders from these outsiders as to how they would educate their boy. This the parents could not do, without, in their opinion, exposing the lad to the demoralizing discipline of institutions one and all of which were committed to more or less of militaristic training.

We believe the time has come for these facts to be broadcast throughout America and the world, if it is necessary to initiate and maintain such publicity, that we may know whether in the full light of day such raping of the home and kidnaping of childhood can be carried out in our country on behalf of flag fanaticism. In our opinion, such a course, so far from being an honor to the flag, is an indelible stain upon it, unless those who truly honor the flag make vigorous protest on behalf of the ideals of freedom, justice, and decency for which the flag is alleged to stand. Those of us who are not concerned with symbols and rituals, and who recognize as the only supreme concern of rational men and women human rights and the common interests of mankind, ought to be even more eager to speak out at this time in a way that cannot fail to be heard. The fact that the churches of Washington State, so far as they are cognizant of the facts in the case, have failed to give witness against this iniquity would seem to argue either that they are yet under the spell of patriotic and militaristic hysteria such as most shamefully possessed them during the war, or that they have allowed their sectarian prejudice against a lowly and despised sect of Adventists to close their eyes to wisdom and their ears to the cry of the wronged and the oppressed.

We ask you, therefore, whoever you are, to use such means as you have, either by writing to Gov. Roland Hartley, Olympia, Washington, or presenting the matter to your portion of the public through press or platform or personal letter, or by giving something toward the expenses of others who are making such appeals, to hasten the effectiveness of this protest, and if possible to get the boy back to his parents by the coming Christmas time. We want nothing for ourselves in this matter, but would gladly have stamps, or monetary contributions sufficient to spread abroad our appeal.

Address The Russell Tremaine Committee, Box 307, La Crescenta, Calif. ROBERT WHITAKER.

"Prohibition is not a theory; it is a fact. The practicability of its enforcement where not vitiated by corrupt politics has been proved. That it is a good law has been demonstrated. By it labor has been enriched, business enlarged and the public's savings increased. Morally it is the greatest social adventure in history. Politically it challenges a free people to carry out their own mandates. At its worst, prohibition is immeasurably better than legalized liquor at its best, and it is the settled conviction of a large majority of the nation's voters that it shall be carried into full effect.

"We stand for the enforcement of all law. The issue joins in the eighteenth amendment. The personal liberty argument is specious. Personal liberty must wait on public weal and walk with law. To concede that enforcement is impracticable is to condone nullification. The alternative is ordered government or anarchy, and the constitution of the United States is not a jest.

"The friends of prohibition and law enforcement demand positive declarations in party platforms. They will strive to defeat office-seekers who are either negative or silent. Representative leaders of twenty-five million women who have been added to the electorate since the eighteenth amendment came into force have joined in the declaration of three million organized young people that 'no candidate not outspokenly committed to the eighteenth amendment and its enforcement can have our support or votes.'

"We call upon the American people to repudiate all state and national party platforms that deal only in glittering generalities with law enforcement. We will oppose and vote against candidates in both parties whose promise is fair and dry but whose official performance is wet.

"The matter is more than a domestic issue. The hope of every other people awaits the outcome of our struggle and the organized 'trade' abroad unites with the illicit traffic at home to destroy our achievement. In this, when we strengthen America, we serve the world.

"Let propaganda be answered with truth. Release the facts. Let complacency make way for militancy. Mobilize the public conscience. Then shall Lincoln's aspiration become a reality in government and 'reverence for law the political religion of the nation.' And with Lincoln we invoke upon this cause 'the considerate judgment of mankind and the favor of Almighty God.'"

TEN YEARS OF SOVIETISM!

Vanguard Press Announces Publication of a Series of Remarkable Books on What Has Been Accomplished in Russia

November 7, 1927, marks the tenth anniversary of the Soviet regime which will be the occasion for elaborate celebration in Russia, and for feature articles and pictures in leading periodicals all over the world.

The Vanguard Press has had prepared for the occasion a series of thirteen volumes on what has been accomplished during this period of time, covering every aspect of life in Russia. These books have been written by non-Russians, experts in their various fields, and (as far as is humanly possible) impartial observers, all of whom have spent a considerable length of time in Russia in close contact with their material. The entire series has been prepared under the able editorship and direction of Professor Jerome Davis of Yale University.

Mr. H. N. Brailsford, former brilliant editor of the New Leader in England explains the machinery of the Soviet Government in *How the Soviets Work*. A volume called *Village Life Under the Soviets*, describing the Russian village in all its picturesque detail, has been written by Karl Borders, Educational Director for the Russian Reconstruction Farms. The *Economic Organization of the Soviet Union* is carefully analyzed by Scott Nearing and Jack Hardy, and presents excellent material for a comparison between the Soviet economic system and that of other countries. R. Page Arnot, Director of the Labor Research Department of the British Labor Party, explains Russian foreign policy in a volume called *Soviet Russia and Her Neighbors*. The various religious sects in intensely spiritual Russia are described by Julius F. Hecker in *Religion Under the Soviets*, and presents the problems confronting them in a materialistic state.

The eight remaining titles, to follow in quick succession, are *Soviet Production and Distribution*, by W. Jett Lauck; *Soviet Trade Unions*, by Robert W. Dunn; *The Family in Soviet Russia*, by Jessica Smith; *The New Schools of New Russia*, by Lucy L. W. Wilson; *Health in Soviet Russia*, by W. H. Gantt; *Civil Liberties in Russia*, by Roger N. Baldwin; *Jews and National Minorities in Russia*, by Abraham Yarmolinsky; *Art and Culture in Soviet Russia*, by Joseph Freeman, Ernestine Evans, Louis Lozowick, Babette Deutsch, Lee Simonson.

Each of the above volumes will sell for fifty cents, the standard Vanguard price.

This series, when complete, will constitute the first thorough, unbiased study of the results of ten years of concentrated Soviet activity, and will be an invaluable source of information to students and laymen interested in this most unique sociologic experiment of recent years.

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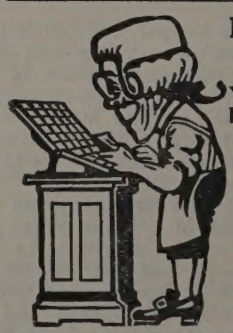

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